

YOU GET A FIT!
You Get Reliable Goods,
You Get Your Money's Worth,
You Get the LOWEST Prices
ON EVERY PAIR OF

Shoes

MEAN'S, WOMEN'S,
BOYS' and CHILDREN'S

You buy here. Snow and rain—Winter's storms means good, warm, heavy

Winter Footwear.
We are ready with a big stock. Are you looking for good Winter Shoes and Rubber Goods at Lowest Prices?

E. F. SAUVAIN
610 S. Main St.

SPECIAL NOTICE

Off on All Trimmed Hats

FRIDAY and SATURDAY, Nov. 24 and 25, to close them out. Tams and Rough Riders 50c, formerly \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50. These are great bargains and don't fail to call and see them.

Miss M. E. Durkin
122 S. Howard st. Rooms over Reid Bros. Shoe Store.

WELL WORTH A VISIT
Our handsome display of

Millinery, Handkerchiefs, Hair Pins, Side Combs and Corsets

Will amply repay the seeker for Fine Millinery. You will find our prices not only the cheapest in the city, but the goods are BEST in every way—latest in style, choicest in every respect.

Miss Helen Griffin, Corner High and Exchange Sts.

POOR PA'S BALDNESS.

IT EVIDENTLY HAS COME TO STAY WITH HIM.

So Little George Thinks as He Tells About the Heroic Remedy His Father Took to Rejuvenate His Unfortunate Cranium.

Paw's given Bald Heded, so He red in the paper about something that would make the Hare grow on a Looken glass if it Got the Chancet, and He sent for a Bottle.

"It I was proud Like some people," paw told maw, "I wouldn't Care to Git Enny Hare on mi Hed Becoz tha say a purson what Gits Bald Has Branes. That shows why the Wimmmin Don't Git Bald very often. Wimmmin ain't Got as menny Branes as men Becoz tha wasn't enny Left when Eve was maid."

"But you Don't Haft to Go Around Bald Heded to Let people no You Have Branes. Do you?" maw Says.

"I Don't think So," paw told Her. "That's the reason I mite as Well Keep from Loosen mi Hare as not."

"If Wimmmin ain't Got no Branes," maw Says, "How Does it Come so menny of them are gotten up in the World? You see the other Da they was Taken the Place of men in offices. Don't that sho they Got Branes?"

"No," paw Says. "It shows they Don't no Enuff to stick to the place they was made fer. Look at the Way Wimmmin put powder on thare Fais! If they Had Branes they would Have more Sents than that. Don't that sho they Got menny Branes. Duz it? Look How they Fetz thare Hare, Too, tryin to Have Curis when they ain't Got a rite to Them. Wimmmin are the Worst Fools I Ever seen," paw Says. "All you Got to Do is tell them they are purty and that Settles it. They ain't a Wumman I Ever seen Yit what wouldn't Rather Be Told she was Jist too Sweet than to Have Branes Enuff to Be the President of a Collidge. If they Had Enny Branes they wouldn't always Be tryin to make Themself Look Different from what nature made Them."

"Yes," maw Says. "I no thay Do Lots of foolish Things. I Even no Some rite now What are yoesen stuff to Keep thare Hare from Comin out when they ot to be if they Had Enny Branes nature Didn't make thare Hare Gro to Stay where it was ferever."

Paw He got Bizzy Reedin His paper Then, and a Fu Daze after That the Hare madesun Cum, But me and little albert Was Lookin to See what kind of Stuff it Was and Got the Kork out and Split it on the Bathroom dore. I new thay Wood Be trouble if paw found it Out, and I got maw's maw's oil and pored it in paw's Hare madesun Bottle

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HER LITTLE HEART.

Her little heart is like an inn
Where only transient guests may stay,
Who haply there their way may win,
Her little heart is like an inn—
Ah, sweet, to leave must I begin,
Who fain would hide herein for aye?
Her little heart is like an inn
Where only transient guests may stay.
—Harper's Bazar.

A MATTER OF ENVIRONMENT.

She Thought Her Suitor Was a Mere Dancing Man—Afterward She Changed Her Mind.

BY W. R. ROSE

When Roger Hendricks suggested to his only daughter that she might find it pleasant to accompany him on a journey across the continent she eagerly agreed with him. When he added that she would have to rough it for a week or more she was delighted.

"I must stop at our new Midas mines in Nevada, and there'll be a wagon ride of 50 miles from the railway and no telling what rude accommodations after we get there."

"Don't say another word, daddy," she cried. "I'm just dying to get away from all these commonplace luxuries. I want a change. I'm sick of the effete east. I want to lose myself somewhere beyond the odor of factory smoke and the glare of electric lights."

"You'll be glad to welcome both," said Roger Hendricks a little grimly, "when you find yourself where there isn't the slightest hint of smoke on the dismal horizon and where your electric light is an evil smelling lamp or a sputtering tallow candle."

"Trust me," laughed Grace. "You'll find my romantic views have a very practical background. And we are to visit the mines, are we?"

"Yes," replied Roger, "the new Midas. I want to look them over myself. They are the coming wonders of the mining field and I'm anxious to see just what shape they are in. By the way," and he looked at her narrowly, "an old friend of yours is our assistant superintendent at the mines."

"A friend of mine? Who?"

"Robert Conklin,"

"Robert! I knew he was going away, but had no idea where. It's certainly a strange environment for the prince of the german. Daddy, I want to tell you something. Robert asked me to be his wife just before he went away."

"Did he? Well, there are worse young men than Robert."

"Are there, daddy? I thought they were all monotonously alike, the same clean shaven faces, the same dress suits and white ties and patent leathers and languid drawls and inane small talk. Robert was a charming fellow—of the conventional type—and he had beautiful white hands and a lovely complexion, but he was too much like all the others to please my fastidious child."

"What did you tell him, my girl?"

"When he popped? Oh, I told him bluntly that he wasn't my ideal, and I sent him away."

"And he came to me," he said, "and I sent him away still farther. But it will not embarrass you to meet him at the mines?"

"Not in the least, daddy. Why should I?"

"I don't know," he laughed and turned away.

He did not tell his spoiled darling that he was Robert's sworn ally or that he was plotting at that very moment to secure what he thought was her happiness.

Three weeks later a two seated wagon drawn by a team of stout, though very tired, horses mounted the last hill that intervened between the railway station and the Midas mines. In the wagon were Roger Hendricks and Grace, and an extremely taciturn, though highly skilled, driver, who had been sent over to meet them.

As they mounted the crest of the last long hill Roger Hendricks turned to the driver.

"Is Superintendent Ingersoll well?"

"Different from what, daddy?"

"Dunno," said the driver.

"Don't know?" echoed the capitalist.

"Isn't he at the mines?"

"Nope. He's across in California."

"What for?"

"I didn't know he was ill," said the capitalist. "What's his trouble?"

"Knife in ribs. Couple o' fellers from Skinner's Flat came over an started a fuss. Superintend't tried to stop 'em an got jabbed. Bobby run in an floored the fellers biff bang! an then he toted superintend't over the line to a doctor, an sent me to Carson City with the fellers."

"And the mines?"

"Mines is runnin all right. Bobby's runnin 'em."

"Who is Bobby?"

"The Bunion Shoe"

Plenty of room for enlarged joints, closely fitting elsewhere. This describes in a few words shoes made on the "Bunion Last;" it is the only shoe in the world that will fit the foot, with a bunion or an enlarged joint. We have them in Congress or Lace.

MOTHERS

When you are looking for shoes for the children, don't fail to see our assortment of Children's and Misses' shoes; we can show you the best fitting, wide toe last in the city.

WAGONER & MARSH

New Shoe Store. No. 109 South Howard st

We place on sale This Week

50 TRIMMED HATS

Which will be sold at SPECIAL REDUCED PRICES. We have just received a new invoice of

Corsets ranging in price from 50c up

WOLF & BECK.

130 South Howard St.

"Dunno his other name. That's him comin'."

He pointed with his whip at an approaching figure.

It was the figure of a tall young man in a slouch hat, a coarse flannel shirt, rough breeches and long, clay stained boots. He had a plentiful crop of hair, a face extremely sunburned where it wasn't covered by a brown curly beard, and his arms, exposed by his rolled up shirt sleeves, were brown and sinewy.

He took off his hat to Grace and extended his hand to her father.

"By George," cried the latter, "it's Conklin—it's Robert!" And he leaned over and vigorously shook the young man's hand. Grace gave a little gasp. Was this rough young Adonis, bearded and tanned, the white handed darling of the ballroom?

Then Robert quickly stepped to the wagon, and reaching up swung her lightly to the ground.

"Glad to welcome you to the mines, Miss Grace," he said in an easy manner, with no trace of self-consciousness. And what astonished Grace most of all was that he made no excuses for his decidedly unconventional dress.

"Hold on," cried the capitalist as they walked toward the superintendent's cottage. "Are you Bobby?"

"That's what the Chinese cook calls him," laughed the young man, "and I give the rest of the camp has adopted the title. We all have our nicknames out here, you know. But this is the superintendent's cottage. Miss Grace will take my room, and you, sir, will take Mr. Ingersoll's. The Chinese servants will serve your meals here."

"And will you not join us?" asked Grace in her sweetest manner.

"I should be pleased to," he answered simply and turned away to talk with her father.

Robert came to supper and the only change he had made in his toilet was the removal of his slouch hat and the addition of a rough sack coat. But he was nowise embarrassed. He certainly talked well, and Grace saw that her father was greatly taken with him.

Robert went away early, knowing they were tired and presumably sleepy. As the sound of his footsteps died on the gravel walk the capitalist turned to his daughter.

"Seems a little different, doesn't he?" he asked.

"Different from what, daddy?"

"Why, from the whole tiresome lot of conventional young men."

"He does," said Grace lightly. There was a pause.

"Aren't you just a little sorry now you refused him?" chuckled the old man.

"This isn't the man I refused," said Grace softly.

The ten days of their stay passed rapidly. Thanks to the preparations made by Robert for their coming the roughness of camp life was greatly softened. He had worked like a Trojan to make them comfortable. He had actually brought water in stucco pipes from a spring in the mountain side and fitted up a rude but very serviceable bathtub in the cottage for the use of Grace. In fact, she heard of his energy and industry on every hand. And she noticed, too, that her father leaned upon him more and more.

Once she took her parent to task a little for absorbing so much of Robert's leisure time.

"The boy is full of business," said her father shortly. "He's carrying a big load here, and there's no shifting it till Ingersoll comes back. I've been doing what I can to lighten it a little."

Whenever she saw Robert he was in his rough and ready mining garb—starched, sunburnt, sinewy. He never alluded to his clothes, and Grace came to believe that he never thought of them. He was always at ease in her presence, and yet, strange to say, paid her no compliments, a fact which seemed all the more remarkable when she glanced in her little mirror and saw the pleasing effects of the pure mountain air and the simple, wholesome diet.

She couldn't understand it. Had he ceased to care for her? and she whispered this contingency with a sinking heart. Had she, like the ignorant Ethiopian, thrown away her pearl? Had this splendid, unconventional fellow given out over her earlier fascinations? It sadly looked like it.

Then came the day of their departure, and still Robert hadn't spoken. But along in the early morning he said to her:

"Shall we take a farewell look together at the happy valley?"

So they walked up the hillside path a short distance to a wooded plateau that overlooked the valley and its foaming stream for many miles. Robert had made a little seat just within the thicket, and they sat down. For a moment both were silent. Then Robert spoke.

"Well," he quietly said, "have you reconsidered?"

Grace looked up with a start. There was a masterful air about him that fairly paralyzed her tongue. She could only stare and wonder.

"Time is slipping by," said Robert as he consulted his watch. "I must seize the first opportunity to speak to your father."

Grace tried to say the cutting things that surged in her mind. But when she caught Robert's eye looking down upon her with a tenderness of expression that altogether belied the businesslike form of his speech she gave a little gasp and incontinently surrendered.

Fifteen minutes later Robert and the capitalist clasped hands warmly.

"All right, eh?" queried the latter, with a broad smile.

"Yes, sir," replied Robert, "it worked just as you wrote me it would. But it has been a hard part to play."

"But you played to win. It was the old clothes and the brusque manner and, above all, the environment that served to clinch her affection, for I'm sure my little girl has loved you for a long time, my boy."

He took Robert's arm affectionately and walked with him to the company's office, and Grace, watching at the cottage window and quite unconscious of the plot that had brought her happiness, knew that all was well.

"I'm coming east as soon as Mr. Ingersoll returns," said Robert when it came time for the adieu, "and then I can enjoy the luxury of a change of wardrobe." He watched her smilingly as he spoke.

She laughed softly.

"I-I learned to love you, dear," she murmured, "in that garb. Bring it with you, lest I forget."

"It shall be my negligence," he laughed. "And another thing, Robert."

"Yes, Grace."

"There mustn't be any razor."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HOW OUR FATHERS TAUGHT.

An interesting relic of Old Childhood's Days.

A western man was on a visit to his eastern cousin and his host was entertaining him by showing the family heirlooms.

"See this old gun," he said. "It taught me my first lesson in arithmetic."

"How?" his guest asked curiously.

"It's dead easy. Guess."

"Father promise to let you shoot it on your next birthday?"

"No."

"Point it at your head if you didn't count correctly?"

"Nothing of the kind."

"Shoot you through your left ear?"

"No. We do not believe in pierced ears."

"Then I give it up," the westerner said, with a deep sigh.

"Oh," his cousin replied, repressing a broad grin. "He laid the gun away and used the ramrod."—Life.

The Philosophy of Dead Games.

"Now," said the man who had yearned for riches, "I will go forth to-day and risk some money. Success has attended all my ventures. I have \$90,000. If all goes well today, I will be ten times a millionaire. Then I will retire. Then I will risk no more. Then I will be content, and some one else may step into the place that I leave vacant."

TWO MARRIAGES

Among Society Folk at Comet—Weekly News.

Comet, Nov. 22—Weather is delightful for doing tail work and farmers are nearly all done husking corn.

John Nolan and family of Akron were visiting at Geo. Conrad's last Sunday.

Thomas Kleckner has taken unto himself a life partner, last week, in the person of Miss Viola Wolf of Canal Fulton.

Jesse Rhoades of Summit county was married to Miss Libbie Brancher of Stark county last week. Congratulations to both parties; may they live long and be happy.

S. A. Reisinger is repairing his house on the inside and outside. It will present a good appearance when painted.

Jerry Brancher is finishing up the new addition being added to his house.

Hiram Koser of Lake was visiting his sister, Mrs. Geo. Conrad, one day last week.

Miss E. Workinger will have a sale next Saturday, expecting soon to move to Barborton.

Take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for all those dangerous affections—severe colds, pleurisy and grippe—which Fall and Winter bring along. It is the greatest cure for bronchitis and all throat and lung affections.

SUFFIELD.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Keister of Akron, were in town Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Smith and little daughter, Alta, spent several days in Kent last week.

The Misses Leona Russell, Josie Luley and Josie Fritch of Akron, were home over Sunday.

Mr. Hartman and Miss Hattie Bietzer went to Columbus Saturday, and will remain several days in that city.

Mr. and Mrs. Schroeder of Akron, passed through the village Sunday.

J. D. Fritch and wife were in Akron, Sunday, the guests of their son, Clarence.

Albert Schmiedel went to Cleveland today.

Mrs. Elton Newbauer was in the village several days last week visiting with friends.

Mrs. Caroline Stout went to Akron Saturday.

G. W. Fritch and wife were in Canton several days last week.

If you want to see the finest bowling alley, billiard parlor and cigar stand in the city, call at Ozier's, new Walsh block. Open for visitors to-night.

If you think of changing your heating boiler call on Oberlin; get prices on the Cottage boiler for soft coal.

CLINTON.

Mrs. Amelia Casenhiser and son, Herman, were in Doylestown Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Jenkins of Manchester, and Samuel Swigart and family, and E. A. Housman and family of this place, spent Sunday with Mrs. Kirk, south of town.

Mrs. Baysinger and son, Mr. and Mrs. Hummel of Doylestown, and Mr. and Mrs. Hook of Wadsworth, spent Sunday with J. W. Baysinger's.

Chas. Casenhiser, Earl Frase and Oscar Evans attended the foot ball game at Summit Lake Sunday.

Wm. Sours and family of Nimisilla, spent Sunday with A. Donnenwirth's.

Clean Housman of Akron, spent Sunday with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Cal Housman south of town.

Mr. Turner of Doylestown, called on his son, O. Turner, Sunday.

Henry Overmier and family of Millersburg, visited with their parents here Sunday.

The Ladies of the Macabees will hold an entertainment on Saturday evening, Dec. 2.

Postmaster W. H. Klein is quite sick with pneumonia.

The Lutheran Sunday school has decided to hold a song service on Christmas eve, December 24.

Ladies of the Lutheran church will give a Thanksgiving Day dinner in K.O.T.M. hall.

Ozier's bowling alley, billiard parlor and cigar stand, the finest in the city, will be open for visitors beginning tonight. New Walsh block.

METZ.

C. H. Sadler and son Clarence of Gustavus, are visiting his mother, Mrs. Margaret Sadler.

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